

The Zion's Advocate.

"GLORIOUS THINGS ARE SPOKEN OF THEE, O CITY OF GOD."

VOLUME XXXII.

PORTLAND, MAINE,

FRIDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 9, 1859.

NUMBER 49.

The Zion's Advocate, A RELIGIOUS FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.
Office, No. 82 Exchange Street.

J. W. COLCORD,
W. H. SHALLER, Editors.

All communications pertaining to the paper
should be addressed to "Zion's Advocate Office," Port-
land, Maine.

For Terms, &c., see last page.

WHAT SHALL I GIVE?

"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Give prayers; the evening hath begun;
Aye earlier than the rising sun.
Remember those who feel the need;
Remember those who know not God.
Give hands to comfort those who grieve;
Breathe prayers; through them the soul shall live.

Give alms; the needy sink with pain;
The orphan mourn; the crushed complain.
Give freely; hoarded gold is cursed;
A prey to robbers and to rust.
Chief, though his poor, a certain doth make;
Give gladly, for our Saviour's sake.

Give books; they live when we are dead;
Light on the darkened mind they shed;
God send them from the eye to see;
Through all this mortal pilgrimage.
They nurse the germs of holy truth;
Give smiles to childhood's guileless breast.

Give smiles; to cheer the little child,
A stranger on this earthly wild;
It brightens love, its germ to sow;
It helps, it helps, it helps to grow.
Howe'er by fortune's gifts unblest,
Give smiles to childhood's guileless breast.

Give words, kind words, to those who err;
Remorse doth need a comforter.
Though in temptation's wilderness they fall,
Condemn not—for we are sinners all.
With the sweet charity of speech,
Give words that heal, and words that cheer.

Give thought, give energy to thine,
That perchance not like the dream,
Hark! from the islands of the sea,
The missionary cries to thee.
To aid him on a heathen soil,
Give thought, give energy, give toil.

—L. H. Sigourney.

MERCIES.

Still, soft and white, upon the tawny pine,
The wreathing snows their graceful garlands twine,
The generous tribute lists lightly prest
Upon each pointed spire and tufted crest;
Falling unheeded from the airy shaft,
Upon its brightness falls the chilling rain—
Resolved in silence all the treasure gain—
Into the bosom of the green old tree,
The snowflake sinks all silently,
And with soft touch its hidden pulses move.

At our heads, O Lord, thy mercies fall,
Send each our sins distress, each sorrow small.
Ere—unhappily—when we are gone,
Thy love rests on us, lavish as the dew,
Thy love rests on the abundance given,
Dark, heavy guests of sorrow couch and soul,
And silently the burdened blessings roll
Into our hearts unnumbered as the dew.
Perchance forgot—the Sacrament of Prayer!

—Independent.

HOME CONVERSATION.

The importance of the conversation around our tables, and in the family circle, can not well be overrated. It is in fact the index of the whole intellectual, moral, religious, and social life of those who take part in it. It is the symbol of the peace or the strife, the happiness or the sorrow, the purity or the wickedness, of those who breathe the words and utter the words. But it not only expresses; it creates. To cast off the power of human words, we must first beyond the reach of the human voice.

But let us single out from this wide field a single train of thought, the importance of right conversation in the presence of children, or addressed to them. The effect upon them of the words which they hear, is powerful for good, or for evil. Words mould character, and determine the life. The process may not be as visible as some others, still it is real, and often rapid. We may not see the fragments fly at every stroke, as does the sculptor, under whose hand the statue is growing. Yet every word uttered, and every tone of voice and the expression of face with which it is uttered, have their effect upon the susceptible natures of children. The words of a parent are almost omnipotent. To the child, the utterances of the father and the mother are the response of an oracle, all-wise, infallible. Every sentiment expressed by them, becomes a part of the mental furniture of the child, and lies imbedded in the depths of the young spirit.

Permit me to suggest three rules for home conversation:

1. Let it be correct in language.

I am not exalting trifles, when I remark that what is termed *baby talk*, at least, when addressed to children old enough to understand and imitate it, is detestable. The parents must remember that when the child can comprehend one word, its education is begun. The mother, especially, is called to officiate as professor of languages in the domestic university. But who in teaching a foreigner the English language, would say to him, that until he becomes farther advanced in his studies, he must call a horse a "horse," and a dog a "bow-wow," and that for the present he will address his maternal parent as his "mudder." This seems sufficiently ridiculous, but this is not all; it is often unjust to the learner. It would teach him pronunciations, which he must unlearn as laboriously as he learned them. You would thus, in fact, double his task. The folly and the injustice are the same when you teach a little child to speak a distorted, mangled, burlesque language, of which it becomes ashamed when older, and tries to unlearn it. I object to this clipped and barbarized English, because it involves a waste of time and of brain power and patience. I object to it even as a temporary expedient, because it has no value. Good English is as intelligible to a little child as the most painful distortions can be. And by encouraging children to retain their early errors, you hinder them in the acquisition of their native tongue. They ought, from their earliest years, to be taught to notice language closely; yet, by talking to them in their own imperfect words, you teach them to be careless. I am aware that the first broken utterances of the little one are very charming in the parental ear; but the charm ceases when the child is capable of doing better. So there is no loss, even of the poetry of childhood, in speaking English to the children.

Moreover, it is a pleasure to a child to be taught to pronounce a word correctly. Correct, then, as rapidly as possible, the early errors of the child in the pronunciation and application of words, and as he becomes older, look to the construction of sentences, and by pointing out inaccuracies, teach all the principles of grammar without a book. Thus, with little labor on your part, and on their none, of which

they are conscious, you will impart to your children a knowledge of words for which they will bless you all their lives. Accuracy in the use of language is one of the best criteria of genuine scholarship, and one of the best indications of accuracy of thought.

2. Let home conversation abound in intelligence.

Children hunger perpetually for new ideas, and the most pleasant way of reception is by the voice and the ear, not the eye and the printed page. The one mode is natural; the other artificial. Who would not rather listen than read? We not unfrequently pass by, in the papers, a full report of a lecture, and then go and pay our money to hear the self-same words uttered. An audience will listen closely from the beginning to the end of an address, which not one in twenty of those present would read with the same attention. This is emphatically true of children. They will learn with pleasure from the lips of parents, what they deem it drudgery to study in the books; and even if they have the misfortune to be deprived of the educational advantages which they desire, they cannot fail to grow up intelligent, if they enjoy, in childhood and youth, the privilege of listening daily to the conversation of intelligent people. Let parents, then, talk much and talk well at home. A father who is habitually silent in his own house, may be, in many respects, a wise man; but he is not wise in his silence. We sometimes see parents, who are the life of every company which they enter, dull, silent, uninteresting at home, among their children. If they have no mental activity, and mental stores sufficient for both, let them first provide for their own household.—Ireland exports beef and wheat, and lives on potatoes; and they fare as poorly who reserve their social charms for companies abroad, and keep their dullness for home consumption. It is better to instruct children and make them happy at home, than it is to charm strangers, or amuse friends. A silent house is a dull place for young people, a place from which they will escape if they can. They will talk, or think of being "shut up" there; and the youth who does not love home, is in danger. Make home, then, a cheerful and pleasant spot. Light it up with cheerful, instructive conversation. Father, mother, talk your best at home.

3. Let home conversation teach correct morals.

The morals of a young man are undermined at home by parents, who literally "know not what they do," and are struck with wonder as well as sorrow when their children go astray. The evil is done in various ways. Perhaps the parent is censorious, and will hardly admit that any man can act from a good motive. He who teaches his children to doubt the existence of virtue and piety, ought not to wonder if they do not feel bound to be either virtuous or pious. Perhaps, the mischief is done, by talking lightly of sinful deeds. Some natures, in speaking the name of Satan, always spit on the ground in token of detestation. In telling of a wrong act, parents ought always to give token of their abhorrence. In mentioning deeds of virtue, let the parent show always that such things are worthy of admiration, and that he honors those who perform them. Yet some are so unwise, not to say wicked, as to reverse this rule. They hear some good deed described, and straightway, without a particle of evidence, question the motives of the doer. They will tell of some shrewd piece of villainy or dishonesty, and praise the astuteness of the doer. They will tell of some youthful folly of their own, and instead of praying with the Psalmist that the sins of their youth may not be remembered against them, they laugh merrily over the recital. They will suddenly sober up, and say to their children, "but you must not do so;" but the laugh and not the words mechanically spoken, make the impression.—*Rev. J. T. Crane, in S. S. Times.*

CHINESE LANGUAGE.

What is their language? This has neither conjugation nor declension, neither affixes nor termination, neither syllables nor alphabet, but is composed of symbols or characters numbering forty thousand. Many of these have in common the same sound, undistinguished by the ear, but each has a separate signification recognized by the eye. In some cases the same character has a variety of significations, and without a change of form may be used either as a noun or verb, adverb or adjective.

The original mode of recording facts by means of the knotted cords. About twenty-seven hundred years before Christ, Hawang, an ancient sovereign, or one of his statesmen, has the credit of originating the Chinese written language. He is said to have derived his first idea of the invention by observing the various forms in nature and endeavoring to imitate them. In this way some six hundred symbols were formed, in which a resemblance may be traced between the appearance of the character and the thing signified. The second class seems to have been formed by a combination of characters, whose signification had been settled and so combined as to convey an idea by the union—as for example, the sun and moon united was made to signify brightness; the sun above the horizon used for morning; the mind, with lost placed over it, signifies to forget; a man and word side by side, signify sincere; three ears and a mouth united, signify to slander; three ears and a heart united, signify timid; a woman placed under a cover, expresses tranquility. The reason for many of the combinations is to us less apparent though it is comprehended in the author's mind they were not arbitrary. The whole forty thousand characters and more are arranged in two hundred and fourteen classes, each class marshaled under one root or radical, which forms a component part of each character in its class. This facilitates the labor of finding any given character in the dictionary, as we look for its signification.

The symbols are also arranged in family groups, which lessen the tax upon the memory of the student; still he has to learn the sound and signification of these forty thousand emblems of thought, as much as a man has to learn the names and characters of forty thou-

sand men to whom he was before a stranger. And as an old friend is sometimes passed unrecognized, when seen in a new position, so one of these old characters you have known for years, when unexpectedly met in some new place; his face may seem familiar, but you fail to call to memory his name or his occupation, and former history.

This is an unwieldy instrument for the transmission of thought, and it requires a long apprenticeship to learn how to use it, but on the outside of the equation it offers a canceling consideration, in the fact that it is intelligible to so large a portion of the human race. The Bible translated, or Christian books printed in this language, may be read by the millions of China, the people of Cochín China, as well as by the Coreans, Lewchuans, Japanese, and multitudes in the surrounding countries of Siam, Borneo, the Straits of Malacca, not to speak of those who have emigrated to Burmah, India and California. No one language was ever understood by so many men; no language is so purely its own, and so unlike every other; no living language can claim high antiquity and hoary-handed veneration. It is the oldest language now spoken, and, excepting the Hebrew, it is, perhaps, the most ancient written language ever used by man. The Syriac, Ethiopic, Coptic and Sanscrit, are found only in books, while the classic languages of Greece and Rome, as spoken by Demosthenes and Cicero, differ widely from the languages spoken in those countries now.—*Dean's Chinese Mission.*

GALES OF IMPULSE.

The evening lecture of the pastor was upon the importance of acting from principle in all things. He showed that in no other way can we attain to a real conformity to the law of God. He showed that the external act is nothing apart from the motive which prompts it. A man may come to church because it will increase his reputation. He does his duty in coming to church only when he comes in obedience to the will of God. Hence, there may be an apparent conformity to God's law, when there is no real conformity. The pastor also pointed out the distinction between acting from impulse, and acting from principle.

Mr. Wade and his neighbor Mr. Powell, were accustomed to walk home together from meeting, and as their dwellings were adjacent, they frequently spent the remainder of the evening together. Their conversation on such occasions, generally took its direction from the lecture which they had just heard; at least it was so on the occasion respecting which I am writing. "A good lecture," said Mr. Wade, when they were comfortably seated by his parlor fire.

"Our minister does not talk at random to us. His evening lectures are about as well digested as his sermons on the Sabbath."

"If anything, they are more interesting," said Mr. Powell.

"A speaker can be more familiar in a small room than he can be in a church. It is owing to that chiefly, that the evening lectures are regarded by many as more interesting than the Sabbath services."

"Don't you think he said a little too much against acting from impulse instead of principle? Is not some impulse necessary?"

"Yes, but it should be impulse in aid of principle, and not instead of principle. There was nothing in the lecture which indicated any disapprobation of impulses leading one to act in accordance with principle. The greater the impulse in that direction, the better, provided it be not fatal and short-lived. His preaching is adapted to awaken impulses of that character."

"That is true, and it seems to me that we need them just as much as the ship at sea needs the gale to speed her on her way."

"No doubt; and they are to be sought for; God sends them by his providence and by his Spirit. He sends gales of impulse to waft us on our way; and we must see to it that principle is at the helm. He does this when he sends a revival. Christians ought to make great progress in the divine life in times of revival. They should not only be active in doing good to the souls of men by promoting their conversion, but they should move on swiftly towards the perfection of character which complete conformity to Christ's image will constitute."

"Are not these gales, as we may call them, sometimes sent to individual Christians when there is no general revival? You remember the case of young S——; he had been a professor of religion for several years. There was nothing remarkable about him; no one saw anything in him inconsistent with his profession; but last summer, we saw a great change in him. His prayers, which were always appropriate, now became fervent, and the whole tone and spirit of the man changed for the better. He has been a growing Christian ever since. He must have received a divine impulse."

"No doubt, but we know not how earnestly he may have sought it by prayer and fasting. We are to seek for these divine impulses, and not idly to wait till they come.—S. S. Times.

AMUSING MISTAKES.—The wife of an English missionary in China thus describes some of the mistakes made in the Chinese language by new missionaries:

"You will be glad to hear I have read St. John's Gospel in Chinese. It is very interesting in their translation, but it is a strange tongue; their tones make it so difficult. In that verse, 'Feed my sheep'—*Song*, as it sounds is the word for 'feed,' and exactly the same word stands for sheep,—only one is in the fifth tone, and the other is either the second or the first tone; and though hearing this in England you might fancy it was of little importance, yet if you give a word its wrong tone, they have not the most distant idea of what you mean.

We all make most absurd mistakes sometimes. Mr. G—— was telling us the other day, he was out in his garden, and wanted a knife. He told his boy to fetch one, as he thought, using the word *To*. Well, to his unqualified annoyance, he observed the lad approach him with a great table on his head, and

he then remembered that they had the same name, only 'knife' is in the first tone, and table in the eighth. The other day, our dinner (soup and rice) caused us a smile. I gave orders for the soup to be put in a largetureen for the purpose; but when we sat down, the little dish has been used for it, and afterwards in came a wee rice pudding in the large soup tureen. I then remembered the words for 'rice' and 'tureen' were very similar. Of course we are only amused at this kind of blundering but in real missionary work it is of more serious consequence. Ever ready as the Chinese are to ridicule our religion, it is of the utmost importance that, by an error in language, they should not have the opportunity."—*Ch. Miss. Juv. Instructor.*

HOW TO INCREASE CHRISTIAN FAITH.

All the rivers of the land are supplied by water from the ocean. The pearly light of spring, the intense glow of summer, and the purple hues of autumn all flow from the one source. So in the kingdom of grace, God is not only the Author, but also the Finisher of our faith. It, therefore, grows in depth, intelligence, and fervor only as we keep our eyes fixed on God, as we walk with Him like Enoch, wrestle with Him like Jacob, converse with Him like Moses, rejoice with Him like Daniel, and, like Paul and all the goodly household of faith, keep in view the end of our calling, and the rewards of our great immortality. The gift of His Son to us includes all other gifts, and there can be none which we need more, nor for which we have larger warrant to ask, than for the increase of our faith.

Again, faith grows by meditation. "As I mused, the fire burned," says the Psalmist. Reflection imparts form and substance to principle, expands the channels of thought, and deepens all the currents of affection. Amid the endless clatter of business, and the hoarse notes of an iron-throated age, we are in danger of becoming passive atoms on the whirlwind of secular projects and enterprises. But as the bubble of a shallow brook is of less significance than the calm, silent flow of the deep river, so the fussiest and noisiest men are of but little account compared with those who in deep silence nurse the rugged thought and fondle the infant forms of mighty purposes.

The waters of a mill-race seem ecstatic with the furor of agitation, and to the outward eye afford most signs of life; nevertheless, they are but the waste surplusage of the gathered stream above, whose steady weight compels the revolutions of the ponderous wheel. And thus, in the higher and nobler sphere in which the moral forces of man are competent to act, as reflection gathers and combines spiritual and intellectual forces within us, and guides them upon a given point to achieve some great end; but, if our souls rush away in thoughtless words, and leap out in lawless impulses, we may seem to be as busy and as progressive as the mill-race, but we are just as shallow and as worthless, too. We may make the noise, while others, of deeper and steeper thoughts, do the work. Reflection is to the soul what the hammer of the forge is to the iron thereon. It compacts its parts, and forms it for use; and, therefore, if we at times wrestle in prayer like Jacob, so, too, like Isaac, we must accustom ourselves to meditate in the stillness of personal communion with God. Thus, the power of the Most High will overshadow us, and strength will come into the hitherto languid veins and flaccid muscles of our spiritual frames. Fitful impulses never indicated a real increase of faith; but deep, unconquerable purposes, the concentration of the whole man upon the great aim of our Christian life, result from fervent prayer and devout meditation.

But prayer and meditation are not enough; they must beget action. Faith, without works, is dead; and works, without faith, are valueless. Real faith is very much like steam; it is on our way; and we must see to it that principle is at the helm. He does this when he sends a revival. Christians ought to make great progress in the divine life in times of revival. They should not only be active in doing good to the souls of men by promoting their conversion, but they should move on swiftly towards the perfection of character which complete conformity to Christ's image will constitute."

"Are not these gales, as we may call them, sometimes sent to individual Christians when there is no general revival? You remember the case of young S——; he had been a professor of religion for several years. There was nothing remarkable about him; no one saw anything in him inconsistent with his profession; but last summer, we saw a great change in him. His prayers, which were always appropriate, now became fervent, and the whole tone and spirit of the man changed for the better. He has been a growing Christian ever since. He must have received a divine impulse."

"No doubt, but we know not how earnestly he may have sought it by prayer and fasting. We are to seek for these divine impulses, and not idly to wait till they come.—S. S. Times.

AMUSING MISTAKES.—The wife of an English missionary in China thus describes some of the mistakes made in the Chinese language by new missionaries:

"You will be glad to hear I have read St. John's Gospel in Chinese. It is very interesting in their translation, but it is a strange tongue; their tones make it so difficult. In that verse, 'Feed my sheep'—*Song*, as it sounds is the word for 'feed,' and exactly the same word stands for sheep,—only one is in the fifth tone, and the other is either the second or the first tone; and though hearing this in England you might fancy it was of little importance, yet if you give a word its wrong tone, they have not the most distant idea of what you mean.

We all make most absurd mistakes sometimes. Mr. G—— was telling us the other day, he was out in his garden, and wanted a knife. He told his boy to fetch one, as he thought, using the word *To*. Well, to his unqualified annoyance, he observed the lad approach him with a great table on his head, and

he then remembered that they had the same name, only 'knife' is in the first tone, and table in the eighth. The other day, our dinner (soup and rice) caused us a smile. I gave orders for the soup to be put in a largetureen for the purpose; but when we sat down, the little dish has been used for it, and afterwards in came a wee rice pudding in the large soup tureen. I then remembered the words for 'rice' and 'tureen' were very similar. Of course we are only amused at this kind of blundering but in real missionary work it is of more serious consequence. Ever ready as the Chinese are to ridicule our religion, it is of the utmost importance that, by an error in language, they should not have the opportunity."—*Ch. Miss. Juv. Instructor.*

NONE OF THAT OCCUPATION.
Dr. Sprague, in his Annals of the Baptist Pulpit, has the following anecdote of Rev. David Jones, who died in 1820:

"On one occasion, when returning from the Army at the North, during the late war, he stopped in New York city, and was invited to preach in the First Baptist Church. When he rose to commence his sermon, he looked up at the ceiling, and round the house, making a general and careful survey of the building. He then cast a keen, scrutinizing glance over the congregation. The whole of this careful survey occupied a very short time, which to the expectant assembly, appeared twice the length it really was. Of course every eye was fixed on the tall, venerable form in the pulpit, and all were wondering what would come next.

"It seems to me," at length he said, as if satisfied with his survey, "that you have a very nice house here—very neat and very comfortable, and quite a large and respectable congregation." At this unexpected exordium the attention became more profound. "Things appear very different from what they did when I first came to New York city. I landed here in the morning, and thought I would try if I could find any Baptists. I wandered up and down, looking at the place and at the people, and wondering who of all the people I met might be Baptists. At length I saw an old man with a red cap on his head, sitting on a porch of a respectable looking house. Ah! thought I, now this is one of the old residents, who knows all about the city, and about every body in it—this is the man to inquire of. I approached him, and said, 'Good afternoon, sir,—can you tell me where any Baptists live in this city?'"

"Here?"

"The preacher, in imitation of the action of the deaf old Gothamite, put his hand to his ear, and bent his head in the attitude of a listener. Then raising his voice, as if shouting into the ear of the deaf man, he said, 'Can you tell me, sir, where I can find any Baptists in this place?'"

"Baptists, Baptists," said the old man, musing, as if ransacking all the corners of his memory.—Baptists! I really don't know as I ever heard of any body of that occupation in these

parts. The attention of the congregation was now wide awake. There were of course many smiling faces, as he thus sketched his first attempt to find Baptists in the city of New York. But soon he turned to his subject, and in a few minutes, tears were seen in the eyes of half the congregation, and no doubt many good impressions were made by his discourse.

"NOT BY MIGHT NOR BY POWER."

"There seems to be times when God's people practically forget that the great cause in which they are engaged is to go forward, 'not by might, nor by power,' but by the powerful and energetic presence of the Spirit, overcoming obstacles which no human strength can remove, and breaking up an obduracy which no human eloquence can move and soften. It is only when this truth fastens itself with power upon the hearts of Christians, and they are made to feel deeply their own weakness and helplessness without Divine aid, that the way seems to be prepared for the special presence of the Comforter in the bosom of the churches. Then life seems to arise on the ruins of death. The breath of God blows upon the dry bones, and they move and live. What before seemed impossible becomes as a common reality under the agency of the all-powerful, all-conquering Spirit. A deep solemnity spreads over the Sabbath congregation, and diffuses itself far and wide through the scattered dwellings of the community. The voice of prayer is heard in many a lonely chamber, and the anxious inquiry is heard from lips altogether unused to such language. Christians, do you desire again to witness scenes like these? Have you a secret longing for this special and life-giving presence of the Spirit? Is it not time, then, to 'seek the Lord, till he come and rain a rain of righteousness upon you?'"

COALS OF FIRE ON THE HEAD.

The following anecdote relates to an exercise of Christian forgiveness by a German Seventh Day Baptist of Philadelphia, a people noted in their early history for many Christian virtues.

I heard from the lips of Joseph Konigsmacher, Esq., a revolutionary incident which may well be told with pride by the descendants of this peculiar people, as illustrative of the sincerity of their fathers in the religious doctrine they professed. At the death of Beissel, (Father Peaceful), which occurred, as I learned from the ancient slab which marks his tomb, on the 6th of July, 1768, Peter Miller, a man of great learning, and highly respected by the first men of the Revolution, became his successor. A certain Tory by the name of Michael Whitman—who owned several tracts of land near Ephrata, and who had alike distinguished himself for very base conduct toward the society of which Miller was now head, and treason to his country—being brought to trial for the latter offense, was found guilty, and condemned by the proper authorities to suffer the prescribed penalties, which were death and the confiscation of his estates.

The confiscation deed for the four properties owned by the Tory Whitman, given under date of March 15, 1780, over the signature of Joseph Reed, then President of the Supreme Executive Council, at Philadelphia, as the writer has seen, is still in an admirably preserved condition. Whitman was sentenced to be hung. No sooner had this been announced than Peter

Miller, with motives which they who know experimentally what it is to love their enemies are alone qualified to appreciate, set out on foot to visit Gen. Washington at Philadelphia, for the purpose of interceding for Whitman's life. He had an interview with the General, and stated his petition, but in answer to it was told, with characteristic decision of purpose, that much as Washington esteemed his friendship, the prayer of Miller in behalf of his unfortunate friend Whitman could not be granted:

"My friend!" exclaimed Miller; "on the contrary, I have not a worse enemy living than this same Whitman."

"What!" rejoined Washington, "you have walked sixty miles to save the life of your enemy! That, in my judgment, places the matter in a different light; I will grant you his pardon."

The pardon was made out and placed in the hands of the disinterested petitioner, who, without losing a moment's time, proceeded on foot to old Chester, fifteen miles distant, where the execution was to take place in the afternoon of that day. Miller arrived at the spot just as Whitman was being conducted to the scaffold, who, seeing the man with his long friar robe and tall staff in the crowd which had assembled to witness his death, remarked to a bystander,

"There's old Peter Miller; he has walked all the way from Ephrata to have his revenge gratified to-day by seeing me hung."

These words had scarcely been spoken when he was made acquainted with the very different nature of Miller's visit. The criminal's life was spared, and the pleasure of that moment doubtless repaid the good man for the labor of his journey. He must have been past seventy at the time, as he deceased September 25th, 1796, at nearly 87 years of age, and the event which I have here related occurred in 1780.—*Phila. Press.*

THINK FOR ONE HOUR.

During a season of religious interest among my people in C——, there was a class of young persons who remained careless and unconcerned about their souls' salvation. At a prayer-meeting, where many of them were present, they were exhorted to consider their ways and be wise. When about to leave the house of prayer, which was as solemn as the house of death, those young persons were kindly asked to go home and think for one hour of their souls' salvation. One thoughtless and profane young man resolved that he would regard the request, and consider the subject for one hour before retiring for the night. After reflecting for an hour on his lost and guilty condition, and on God's mercy to him, his heart repented, and he began to pray earnestly for the pardon of his sins. Nor did he stop thinking and praying when his hour had closed, but he continued even unto break of day to think of his life of transgression, and to pray for the pardon of his sins.

His prayer, until he submitted himself to God, and found joy and peace in believing in Jesus. To my great surprise, on the next day, the young man, who had been so careless, thoughtless, and reckless, came to my study to tell what the Lord had done for his soul. At first I thought it was too good news to be true, for it seemed, if true, like a resurrection from the dead; but on conversing with him concerning his spiritual state, I found him a changed man. He said to me, "I went home from the meeting last night, and thought, as you requested, for one hour about seeking the salvation of my soul, and I did not sleep till I gave my heart to the Savior, and became a new creature in Christ Jesus." The news of his conversion spread like wildfire through the village and town, and some of his thoughtless and wicked companions were influenced by his example to seek the Lord.

This led me to ask, why is it that so many of our youth and so many of our young men neglect their souls' salvation, and live in impenitence in this Christian land? From the testimony of this young man that was converted to God, I am led to believe it is because they do not think upon their ways. The impenitent youth do not think for one hour of their depraved and guilty condition, and of what Jesus Christ has done to save them from the awful consequences of their sins. The sin of inconsideration is the great and crying sin of the majority of the youth of our land. In view of it I cannot help exclaiming, "Oh that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end!" Oh that they would think for one hour!—*Independent.*

THE PULPIT AND THE BEACH-TREE.

Nearly a score of years ago, a pioneer sought a home in one of the western states. He selected a "quarter section" in a dense wilderness, and soon entered upon the arduous work of clearing a farm. He was a man of athletic constitution, and well adapted to cope with the trials on the frontier. He was then in the prime of life, and in those days "a man was famous according as he had lifted up axes upon the thick trees." This man soon ranked among the leading characters in that region. He could bear up with fortitude under all trials and privations, except those of a religious kind. Before his removal to the West, he had enjoyed the privileges of a large and well-regulated church, in which he had for years been a prominent member. To be thus suddenly deprived of those blessed means of grace caused him many painful feelings, and at times almost incapacitated him for ordinary duties. This subject pressed so heavily upon his mind, that he often sought relief in laying his hands before God in prayer. One day he enjoyed near access to the throne while on his knees in a secluded place of the forest. He prayed earnestly that God would make that wilderness and solitary place glad with the sound of the gospel. He asked for the church privileges to which he had been accustomed, and he felt assured that God would grant them. So much was he engaged in pleading for this blessing, that he forgot his work. His family looked for his return to dinner, but he came not. They were alarmed. They made search, and found him on his knees.

To this man of God there was something

pleasant in the memory of that approach to the mercy-seat. He loved the spot on which he had knelt. He determined to mark it. It was by the side of a beech-tree. He blazed it, so that in after years it might remind him of the incident that I have related.

That prayer was speedily answered. God put it into the hearts of the people of that region to build Him a sanctuary in the desert. They have now the stated means of grace. That pioneer is one of the officers of the church. The membership is near eighty. The cause of religion seems to be flourishing among them.

Not long since, it was my privilege to preach in their house of worship. It was filled with an intelligent congregation.

At the close of the services, the old man gave me a history of his praying under the beech-tree, and with tears in his eyes closed by saying, "That tree stood only about five feet from the very spot where you stood while preaching for us to-night."—*Amer. Mess.*

"IF I BELIEVED AS YOU DO, I WOULD NOT DARE LIVE AS YOU DO."

John R. and his young friend the Doctor were discussing the claims of the Christian religion. Both were strangers to its power, yet each professed for it a firm faith and hearty admiration. Joseph a younger brother of John, and an avowed infidel, was listening impatiently to a conversation in which the friends seemed disposed to allow him no share; till at last, provoked by repeated rebuffs, he sprang to his feet exclaiming, "Now young men you shall hear me. I tell you what it is, *If I believed as you do, I would not dare to live as you do?*"

The "if?" was peculiarly emphatic. Joseph intended that it should be so. He knew, if Christianity be true, that his young friends were in imminent danger. Before them were the awful retributions of an eternity for which they were making no preparations. Could they be in earnest then, when they affirmed their belief in truths of such immeasurable importance, to which in their lives they showed not the slightest regard?" "No," says the cavalier, "if you did believe your life would be widely different from what it is at present; therefore you do not believe."

To all practical purposes this conclusion was correct. The young friends were unbelievers, just as truly as was their infidel associate. The doctrines they gloried in defending, may indeed have been perceived by the intellect, but they had no lodgment in their hearts, "believe" is a strong word. It means "live by." Now the man who does not "live by" the gospel, he never so sound in theory, is practically an unbeliever. "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness."

How beautiful and how powerful too is the example of a genuine believer! Enduring with his eyes "upon Him who is invisible," he meets the common trials and vexations of life with quiet cheerfulness and calm composure.

the air of Paradise. The peace of God that passeth knowledge dwells constantly in his heart and is exhibited in all his acts and words. Plant a church ever so small, in a community ever so wicked, and if each member is such a believer, how constantly does the little heaven pervade the entire mass. Such a church must, and will succeed. Its members exert an influence that all their adversaries will not be able to gainsay nor resist.

under circumstances of the like description in countries where plenty is most widely diffused, and a general equality of social condition prevails, few writers of emulства ever arise; as neither the pressure of want, nor the stimulus arising from hope of appreciation or advancement, induces to exertion.—*Clinton.*

The Zion's Advocate.

Portland, December 9, 1859.

BRO. HEZEKIAH DODGE,
OF THIS CITY, IS OUR AUTHORIZED TRAVELLING AGENT

THE SLAVERY QUESTION.

In pursuance of the sentence of the court of Virginia, Capt. John Brown was executed at Charlestown, Va., Dec. 2d; and with his death comparative quiet was restored to that immediate vicinity. The most absurd reports of intended rescue parties from the Free States, kept the people in that section of Virginia, in a state of constant alarm, and measures of protection were adopted, worthy of Austrian or French rule, to secure themselves from the aggressions of an imaginary foe. The attempt to implicate the North in this attack upon the institutions of Virginia, that has been so industriously made by unprincipled journals, is as unjust as it is unprincipled. However deeply the people of the Free States sympathize with the slave, they almost without exception, condemn all unconstitutional attacks upon the Institution of Slavery in the Southern States. Hence the insane enterprise of John Brown is almost universally condemned in the North.

But it is equally true that strongly as they condemn the insane acts of a misguided man, there is in the Free States a deep sympathy with the spirit of liberty which John Brown has become a martyr. Insignificant as he evidently was upon this subject,—yet there was in the man, even his enemies being judges, such a deep, conscientious, self-sacrificing devotion to a glorious idea—the universal extension of human freedom, that the folly and wrong of a course for which he has atoned by his death, will be forgotten by his countrymen; and he will be remembered as a martyr to those noble principles, to the defence and vindication of which in Revolutionary times, Virginia's honored sons freely gave their fortunes and their lives.

But the event is significant in other respects. It reveals the perilous exposure of a slave-holding community to the misguided attacks of any insane enthusiasts, and the comparative helplessness of slave-holders, should their slaves ever be incited to insurrection by any external or internal commotions. Insane terror and helpless inaction characterized the people of that portion of Virginia where this insurrection occurred, though the occasion was most insignificant and the force contemptible.

But it must ever be thus,—and if Virginia has failed to realize it, it is not because her wisest Statesmen have not recorded it in her history and engraved it upon her seal. Where an enslaved race is bound in the oppressors' chain, there will come the volcanic outburst,—the fearful struggle of men blindly, perhaps, but desperately striking at those who stand between them and their inherent rights. Man may prevent this struggle only by yielding the rights that God has given as man's inalienable inheritance; and the people who may venture to trifle with this Divinely implanted principle, will inevitably, sooner or later, find themselves in conflict with a power that will crush them, as the settlement of the slavery question, except by the removal of slavery itself from our country. Man may do it peaceably if he chooses, but if he does not thus choose—the inflexible law of Divine Providence will move on, till freedom is secured to the oppressed, though it may be in the destruction of the oppressor. Never was deeper truth uttered, than that which speaks of the "irrepressible conflict between freedom and slavery;" and it is the glory of our race that it is irrepressible. May our Southern brethren have wisdom from above to enable them wisely and calmly to dispose of a question that can never be settled save in accordance with the teachings of Divine Law.

"TWO SELVES."

A few days ago we received a letter pertaining to business, written by an esteemed friend and brother who is pastor of a large Church. Having finished the business items, he adds, "It would afford me much pleasure to see you and have one of the social seasons of *Auld lang syne*. O that it were to feel on a blue Monday like this that there are hearts to sympathize with us; but sweeter still to look up to that circle of holy hearts in the home of the just made perfect. I find in me today two selves, making me selfish enough. One would stay here with earthly friends; the other would depart to my dear brother—to the loved ones at home. You and I have dear friends in that home of tearless joy, where earth's parted friends shall meet."

There is something peculiarly touching and beautiful in the sentiment of lines thus written in haste, as a mere appendix to a business letter. Many a heart can respond to that sentiment. The two selves as here described are often found, especially among those who have dear ones in heaven. They would stay yet longer with the loved here, and yet they are almost impatient to go to the loved there, and participate in their "tearless joy." Earthly friendships are sweet, but the heavenly friendships are sweeter. And it is pleasant to have the assurance that when we shall have done with the former we shall go to experience the full fruition of the latter. Reader! have you such an assurance? If so, then look up with joy.

"Yet a season and we know
Happy entrance will be given;
And our sorrows left below
And earth exchanged for heaven."

HEATHENISM IN LONDON.—Great cities are great evils in a moral point of view; and unless special efforts are made for their religious welfare, they become the centers of corruption to which the streams of moral evil naturally flow from the surrounding country; and from which in turn, go out those influences that corrupt the people. We find in an exchange the following paragraph, concerning the religious destitution of the great English Capital:

In a speech of Mr. S. Morley, on British Missions, before the recent meeting of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, he alluded to the neglect of public worship in the city of London, as follows:—"Of all the places in the land, London was the most heathenish. There were some 600,000 persons living in London who never entered a place of worship. It was perfectly fearful; and if such a

state of things was reported of an island in the South Seas, we should speedily send missionaries to preach the gospel to them. And it was a fact that in Karatonga there were only 10 per cent. of the population absent from divine worship on the Sabbath. In London, 40 per cent. were present, and in Raratonga 90 per cent. were present. As Congregationalists, they were not acting the part they ought to act in this matter. Of all the seats provided for public worship in England, the Congregationalists had only provided six per cent. of the total amount. And, what was worse, on the census Sunday only one-third of these sittings were filled. This was suggestive of a state of things in the highest degree affecting."

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

San Francisco, Cal., Nov. 7, 1859.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—It is somewhat difficult amidst these new associations, and the cares incident to setting out on a long voyage, to compose one's self sufficiently to furnish readable matter. However, as I feel under obligation to keep your readers and my friends of the *Advocate* quite particularly advised of our journeyings, I will attempt to write them a few sentences this morning.

The two letters which I have already sent you since leaving New York, provided they have reached their destination, will report us as far as to Acapulco, on the coast of Mexico. Our steamer anchored off this port, in its beautiful and secure little harbor, on the 21st Oct., for the space of nine hours. A terribly severe headache detained me closely in my berth, or otherwise I should have gone ashore on a native's boat, and viewed carefully the town. Looking upon it from my window, I was surprised at its humble appearance. There was the same look of ruin, the same strange, hectic flush upon the houses, as at Panama. There was also a similar interspersing of palm trees, lifting as it were on bare poles their rich star-shaped verdure. Here are 3000 inhabitants, living chiefly in indolence, partly on account of the spontaneous fruitage of the adjacent region. A dozen people from the States reside here. There is in the place a native school for boys, numbering 150, which a friend of mine took great pleasure in visiting. A swarm of natives surrounded the steamer, vending their fruit and trinkets, and charging a "bit" (ten or twelve cents) for almost everything they sold. By the way this term "bit" is the current one in all California, and nothing is sold for less. Such and such an article is two, four, six or eight "bits."

To sail up along the coast to San Francisco is pleasant; for although we sometimes went out of sight of land for three hundred miles together, we yet much of the time were seeing interesting points, capes and islands. We saw Cape St. Lucas plainly in the distance. The Island of Margarita lifted its long, rough, entirely bald, form close by us. So other principal lands, marked on our common maps. It was a peculiarity of all the lands we saw along the entire coast of lower California, not included in the State, that they presented to the eye not an inch of verdure. They were usually high, and looked much like water-dained, clayey, banks of some of our rivers in Maine, but are composed of a very much harder material.

As the coast of the golden State itself came into view, the tops of the famous Californian trees were discoverable. The stories they tell of those redwood trees, seemed at first to me altogether apocryphal. To hear of trees without a limb for 250 feet, with a thickness of bark amounting to 1 foot, to hear of a tree, on whose stump a troop of singers gave a concert to an audience of 50, all upon the stump, or of a man on horseback rode over it, finds at first, one's credulity; but such things I find amply confirmed as I come into the country. Indeed most vegetation is on this gigantic scale. Apples weighing a pound, beats 4 1-2 feet long in good proportion, one squash vine bearing a thousand pounds of its fruit, an acacia tree sending out a one year's shoot measuring 9 1-2 inches in circumference and 12 feet in length, a common stalk of corn bearing its ear as high as a tall man reaches a cane, are realities in California. Fruit of all kinds is very plentiful. The mineral treasures of the State were formerly thought to be its only wealth, but modern experiment develops the fact that no land is capable of producing a greater variety, or abundance of those things which gratify the physical taste. Still it is not a country to which I would advise my friends to go, except to bear the gospel which so many are needing in all its lessons.

But I digress, or rather am anticipating. As our voyage drew on to an end, hope was buoyant; for we were having more than enough of the crowd and confinement of the steamer, and were losing strength, so that the prospect of soon living upon the land again, was very cheering. In much weakness, I stood upon the quarter-deck, and preached on Sunday the 23d. Mr. Johnson imparted to the passengers a great deal of instruction upon China and its evangelization, during the succeeding week, in a series of lectures, which were listened to with marked interest.

What an occasion is a long voyage at sea for crowding the mind with touching reminiscences of the past! Not for many years have I thought so much of my childhood and the tender associations of my early paternal home. I looked forward, also, to the future, and longed for the fulness of God, that I might give his gospel in power to the heathen and make their homes as happy as my former home had been. These internal reflections did not engross all my time. But I found time for the study of Eliot, and the reading, with deep interest and pleasure, of the History of the religious Movement, called Methodism, so far as it appears in the two sizable volumes already written by Dr. Stevens. I deem it opportune that this came to my special notice on the eve of entering upon foreign missionary work. For I believe it presents, in the plan and success of its early itinerancy, and conduct of its forming societies, one of the best lessons to all who are called to do pioneer work among a heathen, or a greatly backslidden people. This going from place to place as Paul did, and Wesley did, preaching Christ with power and then bringing forward elders, probably from the native population in every church, they themselves having a general oversight of the new interests, and still extending yet further on their new aggressive work, seems to me, with my present information, a good ideal of missionary operation, which the young missionary would be unfortunate to lose sight of. Speaking of reading, it may not be amiss to say to those who were apprehensive of the effect of the voyage upon my wife, that she was able to read a large volume, a labor she has not done before for two years. If the passage did not perceptibly im-

prove her physical strength, it did prepare her for mental labor in a gratifying degree.

It was not until much of the 25th day from New York had passed, that we arrived at San Francisco. Early Sunday morning, a week ago, we left the Orizaba and took a carriage to one of the superior hotels of this place. Never did breakfast taste any better. I thought I never saw one so good. Before church time, Mr. Cheney, pastor of the 1st Baptist church, and Dea. Parsons, formerly of Bro. Mathews' church in Gardiner, were present to give their hearty welcome, and direct us to places prepared through their own, and their brethren's hospitality. Bro. Cheney's sermon on "Times of refreshing," (Acts 3: 19) was decidedly refreshing to us at least, and we thanked God that he had preserved us, once more to enjoy not only the entertainment of Christian homes, but also for the privileges of God's sanctuary.

Yesterday, Mr. Johnson and myself tried to serve our Bro. Cheney by preaching. There is now only one Baptist church in San Francisco, and this enjoys the ministry of the brother I have mentioned, who came here in July from a responsible position in the city of Philadelphia. Since his acceptance of this pastorate, 55 persons have united with the church, mostly by letter. They have a fine sanctuary, provided with a charming organ, convenient baptistry, and large vestry. The brethren of the church are generally active co-laborers with the pastor. Several of the main men are from Maine.—Three of the eight received yesterday, were from that State. But it is sad to learn that a thousand Baptists in San Francisco, have identified themselves with no church here! The churches of the East have members, or representatives here, of whom they have reason to be proud, others who seem to have fallen down Mammon. The Baptist church here is a noble one,—every Baptist in the place should come to it,—and from its position and character bears a most responsible relation to the feeble churches of the State, and in fact, to the home missionary enterprise in general. They feel for this, and also sympathize in the foreign work; for they give us God-speeds with a warm heart, and have lately sent a hundred dollars to help extinguish the last of the Missionary debt.—The city has twenty evangelical churches, and is well supplied with unusually able pastors; but there is great religious destitution in the State, and gospel ministers are needed in many a village, who shall give their undivided attention to the service of the cause of Christ, resisting the temptation to entangle themselves too much in the affairs of this life. Mr. Cheney has applied to our Home Mission Society in New York for six laborious pastors and evangelists for destitute places in California. For my part, I deem it highly important that at this juncture, they should, if possible, thrust some prime workmen into this field. And is it not true almost everywhere, dear brethren, that the harvest is great, but the real, wholly-engaged laborers are few?

This city is a marvelous monument of commercial enterprise. It is but 10 years old, and during this period, has been mostly burned down three times, but numbers to-day, more than eighty-five thousand souls. The place is hilly and sandy. A third part is land made out to the bay. The buildings are mostly wooden, and seem hastily constructed. But some very thorough and costly private houses and public edifices have more recently been built, and things are fast assuming a solid and permanent appearance. The incomparable harbor shows an extensive commerce, with a large fleet of ships, and a great city without a wall. I count it a singular privilege of my life to have seen it. By route of steamers, this great Pacific emporium lies 5,500 miles from New York. It is 2250 miles from New York to Panama; thence 1450 miles to Acapulco, from which place it is 1800 miles to San Francisco. But the time is not at all remote, in my estimation, when a railroad shall more directly connect us here with the Atlantic States. Indeed, a successful overland mail passes now twice a week between this city and St. Louis, and so promptly as to bring in news earlier than the steamers. A daily paper here says we may expect no more news by the steamers.

As for ourselves, we have engaged passage already for Hong Kong in the clipper ship Southern Cross, and expect to sail to-morrow. Our party is taken across to China for \$150. The whole expense from New York to China will not probably exceed a \$1000, \$200 or \$300 less than by the old route around Cape of Good Hope, and probably with a saving of a full month's time.

We entrust ourselves in the hands of God, once more to the waves. One of the China ships was very recently been burned at sea.—Many ill may slumber in our path, but we are sure that God watches over us, and His will shall be done, whether it be by our life or our death.

H. A. S.

THE ENGLISH CHURCH.—Various causes are tending to disturb the Established Church of England. Its worldliness, resulting from the connection of Church and State, the funds for its support exacted by law from its fiefs and enemies, and the intolerant spirit it manifests towards all that dissent from its doctrines, are among the causes that indicate some change before many years. We find the following paragraph in the *Advocate and Journal*:

The Morning Advertiser announces a large secession of clergymen who are about to form a new Church of England, to be called the Free Church of England. From sixty to seventy clergymen of the Establishment, all of them distinguished for their evangelical views, and a number of them popular preachers, met some days ago in London, from all parts of the country, for the purpose of considering such measures as may give the greatest effect to the intended secession. They all leave the Establishment on purely conscientious grounds, some of them because of their objection to the principle of a religious establishment; others because of the prevalence of popery under the guise of Eusebian in the Church, with the connivance of the bishops; and the rest because of both reasons combined.

CONVERSION OF ROMISH PRIESTS IN INDIA.—It is interesting to witness the power of truth over the human heart, even under the most unfavorable circumstances. A correspondent of an English journal illustrates this in the report of the conversion to a more evangelical faith of two who had gone to India previously to labor for, the extension of the Romish power. Writing from Calcutta, he says:

The conversion of two Roman Catholic priests I have not mentioned in former letters, as I thought it might be undesirable to speak of it, but now there is no longer any necessity for silence. One of them, a Sicilian by birth, and formerly called Father Felix, has come down to Bishop's College. It is satisfactory to find that nothing is alleged against them, and that the Romanists themselves have to acknowledge their unblemished character.

BUNYAN'S CREED.

I wish to say a little more in regard to the Trinity. It is evident that the doctrine as it was stated in my last, is true or it is not. The Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, are essentially, and really equal and divine, or they are unequal and not endowed with the attributes of divinity. Let us suppose they are not equal, and how will the case stand then? The doctrine of the Trinity is objected to because of the difficulties which it involves. Will our difficulties be less if we reject the doctrine? This is a fair question, and let us meet it fairly.

It is conceded that God the Father is infinite and divine; but it is denied that the Son and the Holy Spirit have these attributes. We hear this denial, and we ask what attributes have they if not these, or what do the terms signify? And we are gravely told that "the Son is a subordinate and finite being, or a mere human being, and the Spirit is merely an energy or an influence." And this, it is said, divests the subject of mystery and unreasonableness, and makes a very simple and rational thing of it. But is it so? May there not be a little that is difficult and unreasonable still? If the Son is a created and finite being, and the Spirit a mere influence, then there are some strange things ascribed to them, in the scriptures, and some strange conclusions to be drawn from these premises. Are we prepared for these conclusions?

We take for instance the formula to be used in baptizing:—"Baptizing them in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost;"—this was the command. Which means according to this theory, in the name of a God, of a created being, and of an influence. Does this appear more rational, or more impressive than to be baptized in the name of the true God?

But again, in regard to Christ, if He is a created and finite being, then He must be like other created intelligences, subject to the law of progression, or He must be an anomaly in the created universe, without progression, and yet less than infinite. Suppose we take the first part of this proposition, and say that Christ is subject to this law of progression, that His whole intellectual and moral nature is in a state of advancement. Then the Savior whom we have, is vastly superior to the Savior whom the apostles and early Christians had, for He has been progressing for eighteen hundred years since that time, and even our Savior with all this growth does not compare in majesty and might with the Savior, which future and remote generations will have offered to them. Now I confess I do not like such a conclusion. There is something in it against which my intellect rebels. I turn then to the other part of the proposition, and say, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever." But that does not relieve me of embarrassment. For if Jesus Christ is a finite being, and yet does not progress, then however exalted may be his powers now, there is a period somewhere in the infinite future when the redeemed will surpass in knowledge and glory the Redeemer himself. For infinite progress must carry the soul beyond all that is fixed and finite. Now, to one of these conclusions it seems to me we must be driven, if the Son is not an infinite and divine being. And it also seems to me there is but little to choose between them.

Again, we can two parts of the formula as being a mediator between God and man, the man (Christ Jesus). Now, to act the part of a mediator, one must necessarily understand fully the grounds of difference between the parties, the extent of the wrong committed, and all the circumstances under which it was committed. He is presented on the one hand as a perfect man—"the man Christ Jesus." This fits Him to undertake mediation on one side. But if He is not divine as well as human, how can He be fitted for such work on the other side? He cannot comprehend the nature of the law which has been violated, the extent of the insult and wrong committed by such violation, nor the severity of the condemnation which is fixed as the penalty of that law. Hence He can be in no sense qualified to act as mediator on the part of God, however admirably he may be qualified to undertake for man.

In regard to the Holy Spirit, if it is merely an influence and not an intelligent and divine Agent, to what strange conclusions we must come. We take for instance, the address of Peter to Ananias, "Why hath Satan filled thine heart to lie to the Holy Ghost?" Strange that a man should lie to a mere influence. Paul in speaking of certain things says, "God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit; for the Spirit searcheth all things, yes, the deep things of God." How can an influence search all things, especially the deep things of the infinite God? Is there no difficulty to be met, if the doctrine of the Trinity be denied? Do we not rather multiply than lessen difficulties by such denial? The very attributes which are applied to the Father, are in the Scriptures applied to both the Son and the Holy Spirit, and if they denote that which is infinite in one case, why not in the others. We should just as soon think of denying that we could prove the existence of God at all from the Scriptures as to deny that the three were essentially one, and yet each of himself intelligent and divine. What work has a Deity ever accomplished, that is not ascribed to the Son and to the Holy Spirit as distinctly as to the Father?

But again, to worship other than the true and living God, is forbidden, and regarded as idolatry. And yet Jesus is represented as receiving homage and worship both on earth and in heaven. Good men, the holiest of men have prayed to him, worshipped him during life, and then departed, saying, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." And the proclamation from the divine throne was, "Let all the angels worship Him." And he who had the clearest vision of the heavenly world, represents the angelic hosts as ascribing to the Son the same adoration which they ascribe to the Father. "And I beheld, and I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne, and the beasts and the elders; and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands; saying with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, (and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing. And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them heard I saying, Blessing, honor, glory and power be unto him that sitteth upon the throne; and unto the Lamb forever and ever." Jesus is worshipped, therefore, we repeat, on earth and in heaven. And if He be not God, then this is idolatry. And they who

say it is right to worship Him, are promoters of idolatry. And hence the whole work of extending the gospel by the believers in the doctrine of the Trinity, in so far as that doctrine is concerned, is a stupendous work of evil. They are cursing the world by disseminating error and multiplying idolaters, instead of promoting truth, and increasing the number of devout worshippers of the one living and true God.—For such a conclusion I am not yet prepared.

BUNYAN.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

SINGING.

The proposition which we design to consider in the present article is this.—Our public religious services are deficient in the very particulars which can alone give value and power to Worship, and the wants of the Church and the world demand a change. In the present article we shall confine our attention to singing, as one of the elements of public religious Worship.

We assume at the outset that Worship, whether public or private, is the recognition of the Worth of God—the penitent and reverent communion of the soul with the Father of Spirits—the acknowledgment of His Holiness and Majesty, His Love and Goodness, His Justice and Might. It is simply the exercise of the right affections towards our Maker and of course is entirely a spiritual exercise. All outward expressions are mere forms, of no value and mere mockery, except so far as they give utterance to the full, deep feelings of the heart. Evidently this was the meaning of Christ, when he said,—"God is a Spirit; and they that worship him, must worship him in spirit and in truth."

It should be the design therefore of all religious services to turn the mind to God—to fix the attention upon heavenly things—to engage the worshippers not in an intellectual perception of Religious Truths, but in a spiritual appreciation of Religious Facts. Everything which distracts the mind from its earnest, secret communion with God, interferes with the act of true worship. Whether the man or the ceremony come prominently in view—whether the sound, the words or the adornings arrest and interest the mind, just so far does the service become a hindrance rather than an aid to devotion, and just so far does it fail to answer the requirements of true Worship. The mind should be alone with God, alone, even in the public assembly, and the services should be such as to increase the consciousness of God's presence, and we should therefore carefully avoid all that disturbs the solemn and reflective temper of mind necessary to such consciousness.

Now it must be evident to all, that our form of Religious Worship on the Sabbath, judged by this standard, is deficient. It does not answer the needs of the times. It does not fill the craving of the Christian heart. It does not tell upon the world. Dr. Bellows is responding to this feeling of dissatisfaction in the Unitarian Denomination, when he calls for a New Church which shall take a firmer hold on men; and a thousand facts show that there is a sense of this feeling in the Christian Church. Some change is needed, but what shall that change be? What wants need to be consulted? By what means can these wants be satisfied? These are questions which we propose not to answer but to introduce for discussion in these articles.

Singing occupies a prominent place in all religious ceremonies. All religions make it a part of their worship, and it is an element which is supplied by no other act. But who does not feel that the singing in our Sabbath service is the most heartless and unprofitable part of the exercise. The very general adoption of congregational singing within a few years, speaks most forcibly the sentiments of the Church. Choir music as a part of Religious Worship is a mockery and nothing more. It is a silly imitation of the heartless ceremonial of the Romish Church. The whole design of it is to make good music, and for this purpose, impatient men and women are hired to sing in the House of God as they sing at the opera, and wicked men take God's name in vain even in the Sanctuary and on the Sabbath and with the approbation of the Church. Choir singing is not Worship, unless the choir is composed of Christians, and then it may be classed with what is called Congregational Singing! What is called Congregational Singing we say, for we rarely see an instance of a fourth or sixth part of the Congregation have any part or voice in the service, and for this reason many congregations having attempted it, have finally given it up in despair. Three things are necessary to make it successful. A large number of good singers, a loud-voiced leader, and a heavy organ. On these, the mass of the congregation can depend and follow correctly. But in many city and most country churches, these essentials are wanting and for this reason Congregational Singing seems to be an impossibility. If only a few are to take part in the exercise, of course they had better stand near each other and thus we get back to the choir.

But the question is, ought it to be that only a few shall take part in the singing? Is anything accomplished by such an arrangement? We answer most decidedly, No!

What is the object of singing? Why does it occupy any place in Religious Worship? Because our very natures impel us to give utterance to our feelings. When we are happy we must laugh and when we are sad we must weep.—When our hearts are full we must speak and when we all have one feeling we long to speak altogether. And so soldiers have a battle-cry and conquerors break out in a shout of victory. Singing is the battle-cry of Jesus' army—the victory-shout of the Church. It is the universal sentiment of gratitude and joy, and utterance in one common voice. It is true value and meaning are seen in some solemn, earnest prayer-meeting, when one voice begins a song of praise and every heart throbs with relief and every voice joins in, and the words gush out freely and naturally, and the Church with one heart and one voice praise God! Then Singing is Worship! All cannot pray—all cannot prophesy in one short meeting, but every one whose heart is full of Jesus' love, must long to express his feelings, and to such singing becomes the vehicle of worship. Especially is this true of the Sabbath service. We cannot leave the whole expression to others: we must have some part in the worship, and not leave it all to the minister. The Episcopals provide for this in their liturgical services. We have no opportunity save in the singing, and worldly wisdom has deprived us of that. We said true worship was spiritual, but there must be some expression to it, at least in public services. Who does not enjoy secret prayer

more when he speaks aloud his petitions? Who does not enjoy a social meeting more when he takes part himself? Now, why have we deprived ourselves of all share in our Sabbath worship? Why do we give away to a few, a precious privilege that belongs to, and is needed by all?

"But all cannot sing," it is objected, "and if they attempt to, it will only make discord and confusion!"

But all must sing! The spiritual good of the Church demands it, and we had better have discord in music than discord in life. Music is not the thing to be aimed at—harmony is not the great essential. It is the words—the thought—the feeling that gives value to the exercise and when the heart is full and right before God, it will pay attention to the still, small voice of the Spirit and not to the discordant voice of fellow mortals. Of course, harmony is desirable and these two things should be sought in singing as a part of religious worship,—first and foremost, that all the congregation should sing, and second, that they should sing as well as possible. The first should always have the precedence, and yet in every hymn-book that has been lately prepared this order is reversed. It is useless to expect that any congregation will be able to sing at first sight a new tune or retain 50 or 100 or 200 fresh in their memory, yet our late hymn-books put each hymn with its own tune and thus restrict the singing to a few tunes or else throw it entirely upon a few of the best singers.

The remedy must be to bring the music down to the means—to be content with a very few tunes—sacrifice variety for the sake of harmony. This is the point where there would be most opposition but we are persuaded it is correct. Give us a few simple tunes, within the compass of every voice, and let us sing them over and over. What if the tunes do wear out—the worship will never wear out and a thousand sacred associations will cluster around them and make them precious as the tones of our mother's voice. It is a great mistake to suppose that variety alone gives pleasure. It is the times we have heard the most we love the best, and if any Church will try this plan of selecting a few very few tunes and singing them till they have become so familiar that every voice can follow them, we are convinced singing would be a very different thing from the cold, heartless exercise it is now, and one part of our public worship would be restored to its true position!

LAV.

INSTALLATION AT FARMINGTON.

We are glad to know that the Baptist church in Farmington has once more rallied around their ancient standard. They were visited and encouraged last summer by a Committee of the Board of the Miss. Soc., and resolved to make another attempt to open their sanctuary and obtain a pastor. The Master has smiled upon them.

The hearts of all the Church were united on Rev. Abner Morrill, and in answer to their call he became their pastor. Bro. Morrill is a native of Maine, a graduate of Bowdoin College, and, being converted while in college, he first united with the Main St. Baptist Church, Brunswick. For several years he has been engaged in teaching in the South-west, and in preaching also. There he was ordained to the ministry. Being desirous of the open approbation of brethren in his native State, the church in Farmington called a council to consider the propriety of his installation.

Leaving Waterville, Tuesday morning the 29th ult., where a large and interesting meeting of the Board was held the previous evening, we proceeded to Farmington. We were impressed with the exceeding beauty of the place, and with its propitious prospects for business, and as a growing center of population. We know of no rural center in the State that excels it in these particulars.

Tuesday evening religious services were held in the church which, by the way, is one of the finest houses of worship in the State, and in good repair. Rev. Mr. Knox preached a good sermon; and we felt that the Savior kindly manifested Himself to us.

The council met at 10 o'clock Wednesday morning, and carefully examined the proceedings of the church with reference to Bro. Morrill's settlement, and then Bro. Morrill himself, as though the object were to ascertain his fitness for ordination. In each particular the examination was highly satisfactory, confirming the confidence and hope already reposed in him. In the afternoon the public exercises of installation took place in the following order.

Reading Scriptures by Rev. A. Felch.
Prayer by Rev. S. Powers.
Sermon by Rev. G. W. Bosworth.
Prayer by Rev. S. G. Sargent.
Charge by Rev. G. Knox.
Hand of Fellowship by Rev. A. Felch.
Prayer by Rev. J. Morse.
Benediction by the Pastor.
The choir aided in the services by animating anthems and hymns, and the love of Christ seemed to pervade the whole scene. It was a profitable and delightful occasion. We felt again set apart to the sacred work. We trust they may have the sympathy and prayers of their fellow churches, and speedily enjoy the outpouring of the Holy Spirit.

ORDINATION.

According to previous notice an Ecclesiastical Council convened with the First Baptist church in Camden, on Tuesday, Nov. 29th, to take into consideration the propriety of ordaining Rev. John Hemmingway as an Evangelist. After listening to the christian experience—views of christian doctrine, and call to the ministry, of the candidate, it was agreed to proceed to ordination in the afternoon of the same day.

The sermon was preached by Bro. L. D. Hill of Thomaston, from Gal. 1, 6-9: Subject: *The obligation of the Ministry to preach the pure Gospel*. The ordaining prayer was offered by Rev. J. Kallach: Charge by Bro. A. Leland, and Hand of Fellowship by Bro. A. S. Hemmingway, Bro. of the candidate. The services were all highly interesting, and we trust profitable to a large and attentive congregation.—Bro. Hemmingway labors at the present, very acceptably with the First Church in Camden, S. ESTES Clerk.

THE CHILD AT HOME.—We have received the first number of this paper issued by the AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, Boston. The New York Branch having decided to withhold the *Messenger* and *Child's Paper* from the Society at Boston, that Society is forced to publish its own papers. The *Tract Journal* designated to take the place of the *Messenger* is already well known; and in the Children's department,

The Child at Home is all that can be wished. It is furnished for fifteen cents for a single copy, ten copies for a dollar, and where one hundred copies are taken, at eight cents per copy. This Society is engaged in an excellent work; and as it gives to the people of every section of our land, the teaching of the Word of God upon both popular and unpopular sins, it meets a want that no other Publication Society in the country has as yet supplied. The friends of the slave who would know the opinions of good men upon this great evil of our country, will be able to obtain the publication's bearing upon the subject, at the American Tract Society Rooms, 23 Cornhill, Boston.

RELIGIOUS READING.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I have expressed a fear that the Christians of Maine generally are not doing so much as they ought to counteract the influence of the irreligious portion of the press, and that the Tract Society, with other benevolent organizations, had apparently, in some measure, overlooked our State.

One who ought to know, speaks in behalf of the Tract Society, and informs me that this seeming neglect was principally owing to two causes. 1st. The Directors at New York had left Maine, with the rest of New England to the oversight and management of the Committee in Boston. 2d. The pastors of Maine, as a whole, had not taken much interest in the subject of colportage and tract distribution, &c.—Pastors of Maine, how is this? We all know that however destitute a neighborhood may be of the means of grace, however barren of religious influences, they are well supplied with reading which does them no good, and which is making them, all the time, worse and worse; and before they can be permanently improved much of this reading must be supplied by better.

If evangelical Christians do not supply the people with reading, Satan will. He and his allies are all good political economists,—they understand full well the great law of supply and demand. Let them enjoy the monopoly of supplying the masses with reading matter, and they ask no more. All the preachers of christendom may preach to the end of time, and Satan's influence in the world will remain almost unbroken. Day and night the engines go, the presses work, and every moment, thousands of pages are thrown off, the direct tendency of which is to deprave and destroy. Go where we may, on the high-ways of travel, or by the ways of the wilderness, however thickly or sparsely settled the districts, however out of the way the neighborhood, and solitary the hamlet, anywhere and everywhere, we find abundance of the gaudy covered pamphlets and prints, with their sickening and depraving tales of robbers, and murders, and pirates, and eloquence, and betrayals; the metropolitan weeklies, and other serials, as bad, or worse in their general tendency than those inferior dials; notwithstanding some of them are sugar-coated with sermons pirated from Spurgeon, and gems stolen from Beecher, and Chapin, and other great lights of the intellectual and religious world; not to mention the millions of pages of directly infidel issues, and other errors fully as bad. In days of old, while men slept, the enemy sowed tares. Men—good men generally—are as much awake, and as active as ever they were; but still the enemy is up with it, not ahead of them. Pastor! how is it with that back neighborhood over there on the skirts of your town? that settlement in the gore, those scattered hamlets in the plantation? Saying nothing of the extensive regions, sweeping from the Provinces along Canada to the line of N. H., and downward to the sea again.

Perhaps, Messrs. Editors, you may begin to think by this time, that I must surely have the blues, and have looked only on the dark side of the picture. Perhaps I have; but I am not conscious of any bluish sensations at present.—I am sorry to know that many other portions of New England are as destitute of the means of grace, as any portions of our own State; still, more attention has lately been given to those, in the way of colportage, &

